

Was It an Anniversary Ghost?

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

One night—it was 12 o'clock—a cabman was jogging along through Wall street, New York, half asleep on his box, when he was accosted from the sidewalk by a man whose apparel made coachy blink his eyes to assure himself that he saw aright. To begin at the top of his head, he wore a heaver hat with a large bell crown and a rim curled at the sides. His coat was very high in the collar, his necktie was voluminous lace, the buttons on his clothes were brass, his breeches were what we call knickerbockers.

Coachy drove to the sidewalk, and the gentleman, without asking permission, opened the door and stepped inside.

"To Greenwich," he called as he closed the door behind him.

"Up Greenwich street, sir?"

"Yes."

That part of New York which was originally Greenwich Village is several miles from where the stranger entered the coach, and the cabman would rather have declined to make a fare so late in the evening. But there was something about the stranger that was compelling. When the cab reached Greenwich and coachy asked for further instructions the man inside only said, "Drive on." Coachy seemed awed by the tone in which the words were spoken and dared not ask another question, so he drove on in the direction he was going, northward, till he reached the river bank. The man inside stepped from the cab without exclaiming on coachy to stop, and when he touched the ground there seemed not to be the slightest shock. As he walked away he fixed his eyes on the cabman with a look that made him forget all about the omission to pay the fare. Indeed, a cold chill ran down the man's back. Going to the margin of the river, his figure seemed to float along, growing more and more indistinct till it was lost, as coachy thought, in the water. But this could not be, for there came from where he had disappeared a sound of oars. The sound passed up the river, gradually dying away in the distance.

Now, although the stranger had given no orders to the cabman to wait, his return, the latter felt no power to do otherwise. He did not think that by going away he would lose the money he had already earned; he remained fixed where he was by the look his fare had given him when he walked away with that unearthly tread.

It was the season when the days are long and dawn begins about 3 o'clock. Coachy sat for perhaps an hour, perhaps two—he could never recall how long it was—waiting there on the river bank, with no human being near, for he says that he was not conscious of the surrounding traffic of the present day. He saw about him only the green bank of the river, behind him the village, in which all were wrapped in slumber. But he is not sure that he was awake, not sure but that he was dreaming. At any rate, he was oblivious to the stranger's return, for the first he knew of it he heard a voice ordering him to drive home. Rousing himself and looking down from the box, he saw his fare's face thrust without the window, looking up at him. The cabman will never forget that face. It was singularly handsome, though so pale as to be rather of the dead than of the living. The expression was that of one who had committed some dreadful crime, one who had killed some one. But in it there was no remorse. It was rather triumph.

"Home!" said the stranger.

The cabman did not know and did not dare ask where home was. He knew that he had taken up his fare on Wall street, and for that location he headed.

In the twilight the city seemed changed. All the landmarks of a metropolis were missing.

Turning out of Broadway at Wall street, he drove down till he reached the point where Broad joins it. This was where he had taken up his fare. Here, too, was not the office of the great banking house which is there, but a small brick dwelling. The stranger called on him to stop, and he drove up to the curb.

Coachy says that when this singular being alighted he cast his eye at a dwelling on the opposite side of Wall street a short distance down toward the East river and looked for a moment at it with malignant triumph; then, turning, without mentioning the money he owed for his ride, he mounted the steps of a dwelling before him and seemed to pass through the door without opening it.

Coachy was found that morning in a stupor on his box and about to fall. He was removed to a hospital, whence he did not emerge for several weeks. When he did so he narrated the adventure of that memorable night to a gentleman who happened to be a scholar. All the information he received was this:

The house the strange man entered was once occupied by Aaron Burr. Alexander Hamilton lived on the opposite side of Wall street a little way farther down toward the East river. The night of the adventure was the hundredth anniversary of the duel fought between Hamilton and Burr, in which Hamilton was killed.

Perhaps the vision came to the cabman as he was entering a severe illness rather than being the cause of it. The singular feature is that it should have come to an illiterate man.

MRS. McADOO IMPROVES

Ill with Typhoid Fever, Passes Comfortable Night.

Spring Lake, N. J., Aug. 30.—Mrs. William G. McAdoo passed Monday night comfortably, it was reported yesterday morning. The light attack of typhoid fever from which she is ill has developed no complications, and there is a lowering of temperature.

HOW MRS. BEAN MET THE CRISIS

Carried Safely Through Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Nashville, Tenn.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a child's head. The doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."

—Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 625 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

MAKING A NEW LAWN.

September Best Time for Lawn Planting in North Central and Middle Atlantic States.

The early part of September is the best time for seeding a new lawn in the states south of New England and north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, according to plant specialists of the U. S. department of agriculture. Likewise, the repairing of lawns in this region is much more likely to be successful if undertaken in the early autumn rather than in the early spring. The reason late summer and fall planting is preferable where climatic conditions will permit is that young grass does not stool well in spring and summer and is not aggressive enough during these seasons to combat weeds. In the northern tier of states and New England, these conditions do not hold, and spring is the best time for lawn work. At that time in the extreme north the soil is more open than later in the season and offers a better seed bed.

Soil Preparation.

The first consideration in making a new lawn is a suitable soil. This should be well drained and of good texture and should be thoroughly prepared. A good loam will need only enrichment. This may be brought about best by a dressing of well-rotted barnyard manure thoroughly worked in. If manure is not available, 30 pounds of bone meal for each 1,000 square feet may be substituted. If the lawn site is of stiff clay, both sand and humus, or decayed vegetable matter, must be worked in if a good turf is to be secured. There is little danger of using too much of either of these materials. Light, sandy soils should have clay and humus worked in to increase their water-holding capacity. The humus may be supplied in the form of manure compost or soil from mushroom beds at the rate of one-half ton to 1,000 square feet of area. After the proper constituents are supplied, the lawn soil must be thoroughly stirred and firmed. This preparation should begin several weeks before seeding time, to allow sufficient time for the ground to settle and for weed seeds to germinate.

Seed and Seeding.

Kentucky blue grass is, in general, the most desirable turf-forming grass for lawn use in the northern part of the United States. For best results it usually is made the predominant ingredient in mixtures containing also the seeds of several other grasses and white clover. A mixture found satisfactory by department specialists consists of 17 parts of Kentucky blue grass, 4 parts of reed caned, 1 part perennial ryegrass, and 1 part white clover. Those planting lawns must not make the mistake of sowing their seed too thinly, for a thick stand of grass is essential at the beginning. From 4 to 5 pounds of the above mixture should be sown for each 1,000 square feet of area. The seed may be covered over a small area by hand raking, or on a large area, by a weeder. After the seeds are covered, the planted area may be rolled lightly.

ECZEMA ON BABY'S FACE AND KNEES

Very Tiny Red Pimples. Changed To Dry, Scaly Crusts. Kept Hands in Bags.

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"When my little girl was a baby she had patches of eczema on her face and over her knees. The breaking out was like very tiny red pimples at first and soon changed to dry scaly crusts, giving a very rough appearance, and causing her much discomfort, and I kept her hands in bags to keep her from scratching."

"I tried several kinds of ointments and liquids which did not benefit her and she looked worse. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment and soon after she grew better and was quickly healed. I have always kept the Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the house since." (Signed) Mrs. W. H. Knight, 5 East High St., Newbury, Mass., Oct. 19, 1915.

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JAIL BREAKER GETS SYMPATHY

Public Urged to Aid Fugitive Held in New York Tombs

THE MOVE IS COUNTRY-WIDE

Indiana Convict Captured in New York Was Model Prisoner

Indianapolis, Aug. 30.—On his return from Washington, Gov. Ralston will take up the case of Edward J. Lee, the convict who escaped from the jail at Michigan City and who was arrested in New York on Friday after being betrayed by a former cellmate. Lee was sentenced to serve a term of from two to 14 years. No effort was ever made to obtain for him a minimum sentence. He served 12 years of his term, then broke away.

The board of pardons is now in session and it is expected that action will be taken on Lee's case. He will be brought back here and probably be returned to jail when the effort to free him is being made. State officials who are interested say that if the action of the board is unfavorable they believe the governor will act in Lee's behalf. Sympathy for him is widespread.

New York, Aug. 30.—The national committee on prisons has begun a movement to obtain a pardon for Lee. It is said he was a model prisoner. The organization points to the length of his term as a flaw in the prison system, as in Indiana the prisons have convict labor and the state derives a greater profit from long-timers than those in prison for a short sentence.

Lee is in the Tombs awaiting the arrival of a representative of Edward J. Fogarty, warden at the penitentiary in Michigan City, who, the warden said over the telephone Monday, is on his way here to take the prisoner back. No extradition proceedings are required, as Lee admits his identity. Since his escape he has led an honest life, the police say.

E. S. Roach, secretary of the national committee on prisons, said yesterday: "The more people who telegraph Gov. Ralston at Indianapolis asking him to give Lee a fair chance the greater the probability that he will get it. Everyone who is willing to help should telegraph at once."

'TWERE EVER THUS

He that is down need fear no fall. —John Bunyan.

French Omelet.

Beat four eggs slightly, add one-fourth cup of milk, water, stock or fruit juice, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Turn into a hot frying pan, which must be clean and smooth and well greased with one tablespoon of butter. Heat slowly and shake gently. Lift the cooked portions with a fork or palette knife, and, when all is firm, fold and serve.

German Doughnuts.

Whip one cup of sugar and one cup of sweet cream together; add three and one-half cups of flour and two heaping spoons of baking powder. Fry in crisco or lard.

Cheese Omelet.

Make an omelet in the same way as for the ham omelet, but just before removing from the pan sprinkle with four tablespoons of grated cheese, fold over and serve. Or the cheese may be added to the yolks of eggs and cooked with the omelet.

Smothered Chicken.

A roasting chicken is better for this, but a fairly young fowl may be used. Have it split and flattened as for broiling, and put breast upward in a double roaster if you have one, if not, in a deep baking pan which can be closely covered with another pan. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and turn in a cup of boiling water in which has been dissolved a tablespoon of butter. Cover and cook in a hot oven, allowing 15 minutes for every pound of chicken. When half the time has passed turn the chicken breast downward and bake until within 10 minutes of the time for it to be done, then turn breast upward again, remove the cover, baste with melted butter or lay thin strips of bacon across the breast and bake until brown. Put the chicken on a hot platter, thicken the gravy with flour.

Baked Pears.

Get the not too ripe sickle pears. In each stick two whole cloves. Put in pan and turn in a syrup made by cooking together for five minutes a cup of sugar and a cup of water. Cover the baking pan and cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour, or until the pears are soft enough to pierce easily.

Whole Wheat Bread.

Mix together two cups scalded milk, half a cup of molasses, and one and a half teaspoons of salt. Let cool slightly and when lukewarm add one-fourth of a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one-fourth of a cup of warm water, and stir in five cups of sifted whole wheat flour. Stir well, then let rise until doubled in bulk, beat again, turn into greased bread pans, filling these only half full, let rise again until doubled, then bake for an hour in a moderate oven.

Raspberry Cornstarch.

Cover a quart of raspberries, after picking over, washing and draining, with cold water, which bring to the boil and cook until the berries are very soft. Drain, straining out the seeds. Return the juice to the fire, add a cup of sugar, stir until this dissolves, then thicken with two heaping tablespoons of cornstarch. Pour into a mold and let chill. Benson.

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